

RAY

RECEIVED

Wells

Wells

Wells

A
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

IN vain do we give Kings the pompons Titles of Great and Mighty: In vain has Heaven allotted them a Power, resembling that of its own, free and uncontrolable, if like Billiard-Table Kings they are onely set up to be shaken and thrown down by the saucy touches of their humble Vassals. If their Authority has such confinements, as some Men would have us persuaded it has, Princes are at best but glittering Pageants, all the professions of steady Loyalty but solemn impertinencies, and Heaven it self is a sharer in the gaudy Delusion. It is not long since this Isle was reckon'd amongst the blackest instances of Treason and Rebellion, when the best of Kings and the best of Men fell by the rude violence of a consecrated Axe; ever since we have felt the unfortunate consequences of that dismal Blow; a Blow which like that that was given to the Worlds great Redeemer, rent the Vail of the Church of England in two, abolish'd all its pious Canons, and made them give place to the New-fangled Whimsies of Religious Hypocrites; a fact so horrid and unexampled, that if we may believe Salmasius, Cui simile nec præterita secula vidèrunt, nec ventura forsitan videbunt. All this was done under the flattering disguises of Religion, by Men who had the impudence to boast of a more than ordinary Inspiration, and who pretended to have received more light from Heaven, than that Ass whom the Antients fondly accused for drinking up the Moon, who

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could throw themselves into all the Postures of Religion, with as great facility as a Skilfull Tumbler can act the Italian Strades, and with a sort of popular Piety cheated three Nations into a belief, that whatsoever they did, was highly lawful, so true is that which Machiavel says *A fere omnes homines magis specie, & colore rerum, quam rebus ipsis permoventur & judicant.* In vain do our learned Tribe go about to reclaim these Men by dint of Argument, all their sober reasonings are to them but important Trifles, and were always accounted too weak baits to catch the Carpes of Geneva Lake. And who I pray would take the pains to convince a Taylor by a Syllogism, who perhaps after the consummation of a pair of Breeches, creeps into a Coffee-House, where after he has lin'd his Pallet with that factious juice, he looks upon his long and limber Fingers to have been contriv'd by Nature for the handling of a Scepter, and curses the bitter fates that had dwindled it into a Needle, away he goes home, and performs the Offices of distributive Justice upon his Apprentices shoulders, and fancies every piece of Parchment cut from an old Bond to make his measures withal, little less to be than clippings from of Magna Charta. Such a Knave as this deserves no other Logick than what the Pillory can afford him, to make his Ears pay for the petulancy of his Tongue. Another sort of Man there is, whom in the Country Language we may call Substantial, who perhaps has got fourscore pounds a year, and joys in having a little Dove-coat annex'd to his Farm-house, who is famous all over the Neighbouring Villages for his little Chestnut Mare, who in a Race at a late Wake signalized her self by distancing a Cart-horse; such a Man as this you can never convince by dint of Argument, he tells you roundly that at the first opportunity he'll draw his Yard and half of Rapier to defend his Religion and rusty Bacon from the rude insults of Arbitrary Power: You would laugh in your Sleeve (if you have any) to hear his brisk and debonair reasonings, about the Authority of the Commons of England, and you cannot imagine with what deference and regard he is entertain'd amongst the Mobile, because he gives them to know the transactions of State, and fills the whole Lordship with News; 'tis odds but you shall see him at the next Election of a Knight of the Shire, brandishing in his Campaign Coat and Mountero, at the head of a Troop of Dapper-Day-Labourers, on whom prodigal Fortune has munificently bestow'd two pounds a Year,

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Year, and who with complicated Interests are striving to set up their Idol Representative. Now the defections of such a Man as this from the Principles of Loyalty, we cannot think to obviate by the most improved reasonings; his Prejudices stop up all the Avenues of his Soul, hindring the least beam of Truth to enter in, and enlighten his Understanding: his too fervent Zeal for his Principles will not give him the leisure to be convinced, and his ignorance baffles all the attempts of Reason: as he does not take up any Opinion for the Affinity it bears to Truth, so neither does he relinquish any for its opposition to the same, if his interest invites him he easily accords with any thing, and his Reason finds no regrets in entertaining a profitable Error: as you cannot disengage him from his mistakes, so neither can you settle him in a Truth, although you bring all the Credentials of a firm Demonstration, and the reason is, because a Discourse to him is no more than it is to a School-Boy, the jingling of a Noun and Verb together. If then any thing will do, it must be Satyr, and we may if we observe, find in the dullest apprehensions a quicker resentment of a Jest than of an Argument, the one renders that ridiculous, which the other perhaps cannot make appear to be false, and Satyrs are like those Indian Apes, of whom I have read, that when Alexander came into those parts, They straight rally'd their deformed Squadrons, rank'd themselves in Battalia, camp'd and decamp'd with all the moving Solemnities of a real Army, and brought greater affronts upon that all-conquering Army with their Martial Grimaces, than all the force of Darius and Parus, I have made the Comparison, let some courteous Reader make out the Application. For this cause it is that I have ridicul'd all the Commonwealths that lay in my way, from great old Rome to little modern Geneva; What I have said on this Theam, if the Peruser be not too phlegmatick, must needs create in him some fastidious thoughts of that way of Governing. More especially I have hinted at our late pretended Republican Powers, and in particular at their monstrous innovations about Religions; where I have let any thing slip from my Pen, that may seem extravagant, I hope it will not be look'd upon as an unruly Effort of my own, but onely as an endeavour to expose the Giddy Enthusiasts of those times. I shall say nothing neither as to the matter or manner of the Verse, I know the whole Poem will labour under the imputations of uneasie roughness, yet I could never imagine that smoothness should be so

B

absolutely

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absolutely necessary in the dressing up of a Satyr; it always seeming to me as disagreeable to see a Satyr Cloath'd in soft and effeminate Language, as to see a Woman scold and vent her self in Billings-gate Rhetorick in a gentile and advantageous Garb. I have no more to say, onely to desire the Reader to be as favourable as he can to the first endeavours of an unexperienc'd Pen, which is all from

H. P.

A

(1)

A

SATYR

AGAINST

Common-Wealths.

(1)

I'L E not forbear--for who can longer stay
When Loyal Muses bid me not delay
But nodding promise an auspicious way?
Thus *Cæsar* once Heaven's anger to atone
Beck'nd to, by a God, pass'd *Rubicon*,
To scourge his own Republick, haughty *Rome*.
A Commonwealth! curse on that nauseous name
Which from the Devil with damnation came;
He first set up the curs'd reforming Trade,
And boldly sought Heaven's Empire to invade;
Till blasted by *Joves* Thunder, down he fell,
State-holder to the Commonwealth of Hell.
'Tis a poor sneaking form of Government;
Kings, Gods: but they, the People represent;
Here Men with swinging Trowsers awe.
And divine Collar-bands give Law.
Tell me my Muse for thou knows best

--- Is it not worth a Jest?

To see a pair of Representatives
Leaving their charge of Children, and their Wives,
Who th' other day in their nown Country fate
As Referees about a broken pate?

B 1

And

(2)

And talk'd Sedition over Table-Beer
At the Next Sessions streight appear
To manage Government's grand Affair?
Would it not make a Stoick laugh to see
Those Men of mickle Glee,
Who in their Parish-Church all their devotion owe
To a fring'd Cushion or a matted Pew,
Distinguish'd from the crowd of the Church-militant,
By a gilt Bible of *Alma Mater's* print?
And 'mongst the Rout for Devotees do pass,
'Cause their Devotion's height'nd by their bass,
At the next opening of a Parliament,
Loudly dispute about Church-government;
And with grave Speeches, tell you to an hair
Where lies the Placker of the *Roman Whore*.
Nay and unravel, with the greatest ease
Rash *Calvin's* Mystical Decrees.
Can tell the Intrigues of the Celestial Powers;
And open Heaven as a Chest of Drawers:
In this Box, they give out the Elect must lye,
In that Reprobates damn'd to Eternity.

(2)

Lash Satyr, lash with furies hissing Snake
Those Knaves, who kill'd their King for Conscience-sake.
'Twas Conscience was the fatal Dog and Bell
That led those blinded Bigots down to Hell.
In outward Show they hated worldly Coin,
Yet Conscience still, like *Christmas-Box*, took in
Cavaliers Feasters, and without a Sin.
They us'd the cutting Hanger of the Spirit;
As *Switz* his Sword for Money, not for Merit.
Had they seen *Jove* when *Danae's* lap he wet
With Golden Showers, to Heav'en he near had got,
Tho a God, to *Guinies* he had turn'd him streight.
They made a Golden Calf without a Sin;
Each Attribute had a *Jacobus* been.
Conscience in them was very free, and kind,
It was the Spaniel dictate of the Mind
That leap'd for every thing, that Rump ordain'd.

What

(3)

What ever Government was fram'd by Fate,
Shock fetch'd and carried still the Glove of State;
O Conscience ! Conscience ! what thou art I'll tell ;
Thou art the Goodman's Goose, that with each yell, .
When Danger's nigh, saves the Souls Capitol.
Thou art the bad Man's * Peak, that straightway turns
All the Souls softer dictates, into stones.
Like the prodigious *Hebrews* Rod,
That turn'd the *Ægyptian* Waters all to blood.

}
* A River Fa-
mous for its
petrifying
quality.

(3)

From *Presbyter* to *Independent* pass :
We'll throw some Grains in *Nol* the Brewer's Face,
'Tis true he'd have his Beer both old, and strong,
But his Religion always new and Young.
H' abus'd the Catholick Faith in pious mock,
And Primitive Religion, stil'd old Hoc.
Yet for all his Zeal, to reform the Rout,
He always wore a Popish Snout ;
The red upon his Nose as Poets tell ;
Look'd like what we a Scarlet Hood do call,
Couchant on Surplice Theological.
Not in Hell his Nose more piercing flames could find
Tipt with damnation, while on Earth he reign'd :
Prometheus did not his whole Man inspire,
His Nose onely was damask'd with that fire.

(4)

This *England* once was thy unhappy State,
When best of Monarchs felt the worst of Fate.
When they had sent the Martyr to his grave ;
They threw hey jinks what Government they'd have :
They Fillip'd up what Powers should prevail,
And stead of Head the Counter threw up Tail,
For proof of which, to the *English* Rump was given,
A pair of Span-new Breeches, sent from Heaven.
These were their Arms, by which a Man may guess,
Codpiece, and Conscience was the *Good old Cause*.

C

Long

(4)

Long had the *English* Nation been
 Fed with the *Manna* of a Monarch's Reign;
 Long had one Dish, their cravings satisfi'd,
 Their weak and squeamish Stomachs cloy'd,
 At last, their vicious Palats, not content,
 Would have an *Ollio* of Government:
 Something of every thing they crave,
 An *Anarchy* or nothing they would have.
 The Gods, who never punish with remorse,
 Gave 'em their wish, although they wish'd a Curse.
 'Stead of the *Royal Oak*, which long had stood,
 The top, the glory, of the Wood:
 From off the *Poplar Tree*, the giddy Rout
 Wedg'd their blockish Sovereigns out.
 From thence they hew'd those Logs of Power,
 And whittl'd Scepters, as you whittle Scures.
 A brace of Patriots from each County sent,
 Sate like the Ghosts of deceas'd Government.
 And without the House of Lords-----
 Made but a *Rigdel* Parliament.
 These Ap'd their Sovereign with as good a meen
 As *Dives's Guinies* did the Lawful Coin.
 They rob'd the Land, by Wars before decay'd,
 And whilst they robb'd they wept and pray'd,
 T' attone the mighty sin they falt in Tears,
 They pray'd by Sabbaths and rebell'd by Years.
 Thus the Gods punish'd *Charles's* Foes,
 Thus the Gods reparteed all their rebellious Vows.

(5)

Tame *Tarquin* ! that so easily was won
 To part with all the splendours of a Crown;
 Unking'd he fell in Age and Glory green,
 When *Rome* was Young and in her Teens.
 The *Latin* Rebels push'd him from his Throne,
 And put a brace of Consuls in his Room:
 These clubbing in Conjunction did dispence
 Like Planets their united influence.
 A Snivelling Peer that lov'd his Spouse too well,
 Rather than be a Cuckold would rebell;

For's

(5)

For's Country's sake he thought it was no sin :

For well knew he

That Petticoat and Property

With the same Letters did begin.

Lucrece the Chast, the Fair, of Noble blood

Would not be buss'd for all that's good,

She would not truckle to her Loves decree,

She would not kiss, poor heart, not she.

Bravely the Noble *Doxy* strove,

Though at last forc'd to pay her Tax of Love.

When the lascivious Scene was done,

And the Slut saw she was not made a Queen,

She tore her Hair and dainty Quoif,

With a sharp Ponyard ended all the strife,

And quickly did the little job of life.

For this the *Roman* Bullies seiz'd his Crown,

For this they threw the mighty Lecher down,

And in his stead two Consuls fill'd the Chair,

Almanack Kings that lasted but a Year :

They and their Senate all reform'd anew

From Cit and Bumkin to the Nobler Crew.

The Alphabet it self was crost,

The Letters that made *Rex* were lost

And *S. P. Q.* did Rule the Roast ;

At last their Civil Wars made such a stir,

They were forc'd to accept the Kingly Power

A Monarch of three Syllables an Emperour.

}

}

Letters that
often occur
in *Roman* Hi-
story
for *Senatus*
populusque.

(6)

Speak out *Venetian* Punk, thou that do'st prate

Of a Republick of so long a date ;

An Idle Common-wealth, that has

These several hundred years been making Glafs !

Each puny Mortal there, pretends to Power,

A calcin'd Cobler makes a Senator.

A Covie of Islands seated in the Sea,

Make up this proud *Venetia* :

'Mongst th' *Quæ-Genus*-Monsters she is found,

Onely in th' Plural sense declin'd ;

Some bits of Earth from th' Continent purloyn'd

}

C 2

Make

(6)

Make up the Wonders of that place ;
Famous for Bawds, and mighty pretty Lace ;
Each suppliant Punk unto her Lord does pay
The glorious Tribute of Poynt-veny.
Each Senator for's Crown a Thimble takes ;
And Hieroglyphick Bobbings Scepters makes.
A Duke they have, God-wot, so low in stock,
That his Toes stink for want of Royal Sock.
His stingy Meals, hardly deserve a Rhime,
He keeps an excellent House in Peas-cod-time ;
At second hand he buys his Cloaths,
And runs on Tick for Hose and Shoes :
Scarcely odd Money they allow the Crotchet,
To keep the Devil out of's Pocket.

(7)

Stand off you little dwindling States, make room
Holland the Buttock of the World is come
Although not half so generous as the Bum
That freshly does discharge it's nat'ral load
Relieves the hungry Earth with dung and food :
But they like greedy Leaches still suck in
They drink, and eat, and drink again,
Till like them too You'd think they'd burst their skin
They love their ransack'd, sordid Pelf so well
That their Low Countries may be reck'ond Hell
Pluto and they in the same Region dwell.
Frugal they are beyond all measure,
They'l damn their very Souls for Treasure.
They hate free spending as they hate Free-grace
And count it fond Arminianism in Purse
Their *Dortish* Synod has determin'd thus.
For Gold they search the World and traverse *Indies*,
For Sickly Earth that has the Jaundies ;
They'l change their *Athanasian* Faith
For a Rich Diamond or an Elephants Tooth :
Give 'em a *China* Dish or *Persian* Cap,
They'l streight turn *Turks* and *Nice* for *Mecca* swap ;
Of an *English* Herring they make no bones,
Their Commonwealth consists of Milts and Roanes ;

(7)

The Apostles here in great esteem are had
 Onely because they practis'd fishing Trade,
 These Knaves those pious Anglers imitate,
 And boldly *British* Gudgeons captivate.
 To let you see what good they wish
 Unto the Commonwealth of Fish,
Elziver prints with greatest care he can
 Fishmonger *Hobs's* great *Leviathan*,
 A Book which proves Men to be Whales,
 A State of Nature stuck with finns and scales,
 They are a People fit for *Satyr*,
 Their *Low Countries* are no better,
 Than the Pudenda of modest Nature.
 Those *Netherlands* of which they boast,
 Are but Creation below the Waste.

(8)

Cold *Switzers* that amongst your other ills
 Have planted a Republick upon Hills;
 Their Snow that on their Mountains lies,
 Gives them kib'd Heels and Consciences;
 That cold and dirty Clime puts them hard to't,
 They Ne'r can make a Law without their Boot,
 Neither do Justice without riding Coat.
 They fetch all their Dictators from the Plow,
 Who scarcely any other Purple know,
 But when with Frosts their fire burns blew.
 A Cold and barren Soil's the reason why,
 Kind Heaven ne'r thaws 'em into Monarchy.
 'Tis strange that there a Commonwealth should thrive,
 Or that republick Weeds or Alps should live.
 These Men so much extoll'd by Fame,
 At first from *Hannibal's* Vinegar bottle came;
 When he to cut an easier way did use
 That acid, peevish, and ill-natur'd juice,
 The riggling Animals that thence did rise
 Leap'd into Men, and made this brutish Race.

(9)

Of all the Commonwealths of greatest Fame
 Once more step forth *Romulian* Dame

D

Let

(8)

Let your Rebubble Consuls if they can,
Match the Victorious *Macedonian*,
A King, whose actions spake him more than Man.
Saury the great who 'th Race of Men subdued,
Conquer'd the World was drunk and spu'd.
To th' furthest East he spread his Victories,
His glories set where the Sun's Glories rise;
A fight to him was but a drinking bout,
With his Enemies lives he paid the shot,
Their Veins like Pitchers emptied out,
He grudg'd over one World tipling to stand,
He wou'd have drunk a dozen in a hand.
Finely faith he firkt the *Persian* Ninny,
Whose Father got his Kingdom by a Whinny,
Mounted on *Buceph'us* this Bully Crack'd to ride
Inch and half-stone with any King beside,
Match him all *Latium*, match him if you can,
Consuls you had when Commonwealths began,
Conquer'd a lust or two but ne'er a Man.
Poplicola of whom fame speaks so loud
Demolish'd his Farm-house to please the Croud,
To pull it down he thought 'twas best,
Cause 'twas a Cock-loft higher than the rest.
For these and such like things by *Livy* told,
Amongst records of Fame he stands enroll'd.

(10)

All hail *Geneva*! to thy Lake all health,
Whom *Calvin* made a Common-wealth:
Calvin a Bishop grudg'd to see
Lord it in Robes of Sovereignty.
He push'd the Miter'd Moppet from his Throne,
He threw the mighty Lawn-sleeves down:
Bishop and Bible both believe me
Got a Translation at *Geneva*.
She cleansed away the filthy Rags of *Rome*,
Landress she was to the Whore of *Babylon*;
With Gospel-Soap she purg'd her Popish sins,
Stifned her Rites and starch'd her Disciplines;
Women reform'd there at their will,
Women the strapping Sex that spells so ill.

The

(9)

The City Dames more zealous far than wise
Put the *Apocrypha* under their Pies,
And made Bumfodder of the *Maccabees*.
Judith they forc'd to stop a broken pane,
And gave *Holofernes* his Head again.
Christ-croß out of their Alphabet they turn'd
Each Babe an Horn-book had true *Protestant*.
Tell me Religious Roysters, tell me now
Why you are so angry when the Organs blow?
Our thoughts like *Theban* Stones disorder'd lie,
Till that Religious Harmony
Shapes and cements them into Unity.
I hate that Common-wealth of all the worst,
I hate their Prick-ear'd Senate and their Priests,
Who love a common Whore,
But hate the Common-Prayer.

(11)

Fain would I know eternal Dunces why
You hate the Godlike sway of Monarchy?
A Government in Heaven allow'd,
Where the bright Monarch makes his Throne a Cloud,
And gently awes the Angelick lovely Croud.
Where *Cherubins* like glorious Muses sit,
And praise the Almighty Power in numbers fit,
In the Seraphick strains of heavenly Wit.
Grossly then must they err who do affirm,
That Common-wealths are of an heavenly Stem,
And make an Hans-town of the *New Jerusalem*.
No, base Republicks you can n'er agree
With that delightful Unity.
Your tide of Rule runs in divided streams.
Glow-worms of Power, you shine in sep'rate beams.
I hate that gaudy *Sanhedrim* of Lights,
Who by Committees rule the Nights;
I mean the Stars, whose short Commissions run
All in the Name of the departed Sun.
Give me the glittering Monarch of the Day;
At whose approach those Tapers sneak away.

D 2

He

(10)

He reigns by Day and all the Night he drinks,
He sips and Revels on the Ocean's brinks,
And like a Monarch never shrinks.

The Epilogue being an Anti-Republican Catch.

(1)

Let the Speculative Sor,
Who thinks and lives not,
Tell the World what paps *Alma-mater* has got;
Let him if he please his Appetite bilk,
And *Huzza* the King's Health in a glass of her Milk:
From the Nipples of the Vine (the wiser do know)
That a brisk and more generous liquor do's flow.

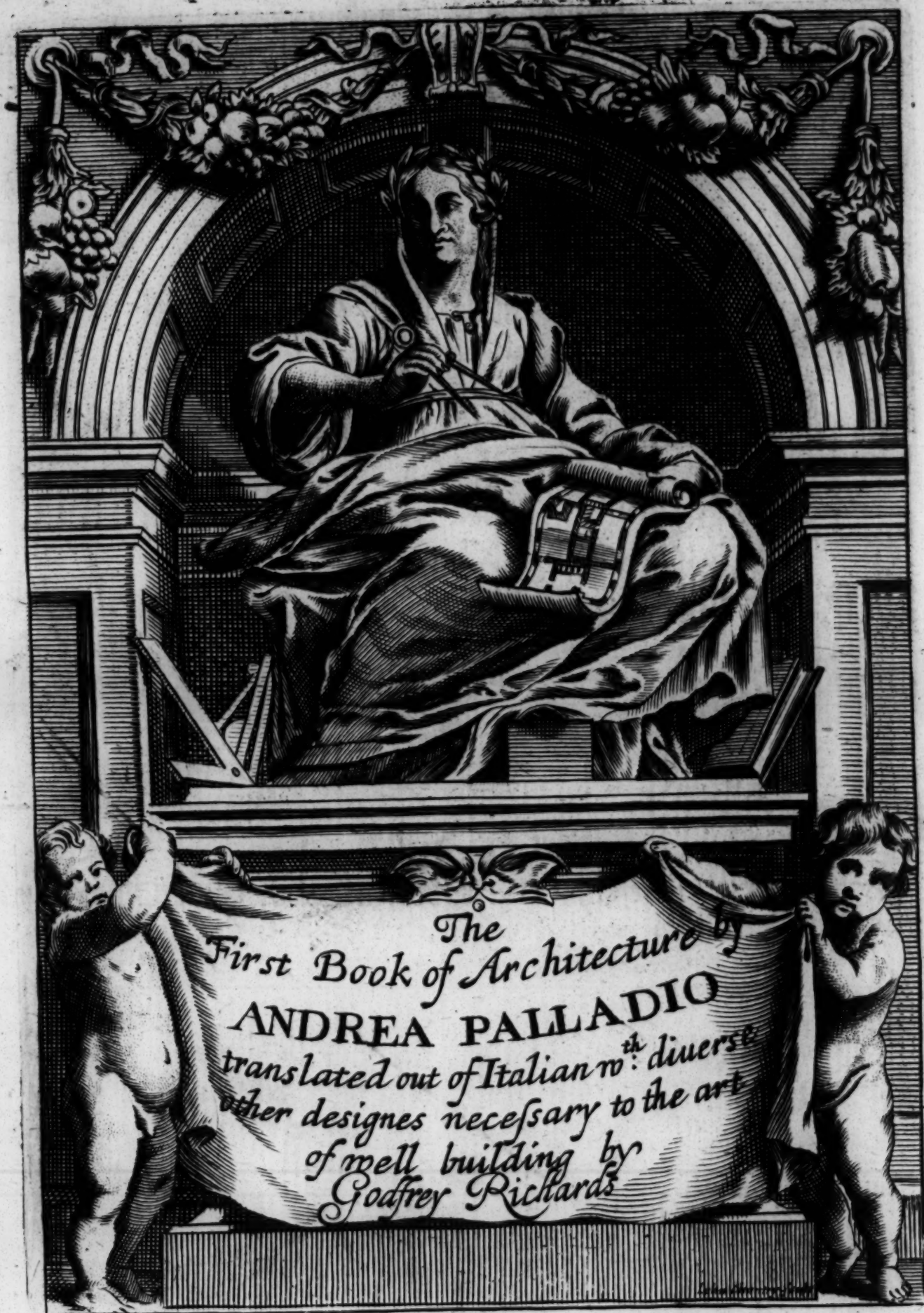
(2)

Would you be a Bard Sir,
Of any regard Sir?
Believe me Wine is the best Crambo word Sir.
Homer was drunk as e'r Son of a Woman was,
When he Hickupt so often *αἶμα μεῖβομενος*,
And the old *Greekish* Rhimer had been dabling in Claret,
When he made that reeling Verse we call *Pindarick*.

(3)

A Pox of old Noll,
Who our Barrels did toll,
And excis'd each Caviliers affluent Bowl,
To be reveng'd of him, and his Council of *Asses*,
Let's break on the Table all Common-wealth glasses,
Boy, take that *Venice* Glass to Republican Saints;
We'll drink the King's Health in true *English* Flints.

F I N I S.



The
First Book of Architecture by

ANDREA PALLADIO

translated out of Italian wth diverse
other designs necessary to the art
of well building by
Godfrey Richards